

REFLECTIONS



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The mind of a creative writer must have that certain quality that lends itself to meditation, musing, deliberation, and pondering. It is for this very quality that we have chosen to change the name of Gardner-Webb's literary work to REFLECTIONS. Our world is not an easy place to live in with the continual bombardment of ideas, sounds, and senses. To be able to recapture these zephyrs requires talent and much reflection. The perfection of a creative work, be it art, poetry, drama or short story, requires a mind that is willing to test what the senses feel. It is somewhat like being the first to walk on a frozen lake and attempt to reach the other side.

Our lives are like a diamond with many facets reflecting the moods of each passing day. The pages that follow are the reflections of a number of talented minds. We hope that in some small way they can bring you, the reader, a chance to look into the past, present, and future of your days.

—Charles Dixon Lineberger

PORTRAIT OF JUDITH

The fine, clean jaw of my sister
Rests lightly and with grace
Upon her skilled and silver hand;
She regards me with dispassion
From the limits of her cool blue eyes.

She is a noblewoman now,
Born with the mark of high places
Upon her pale forehead,
And stamped at her birth
With the rich, blinding gold
Of the beautiful in her hair.
She is our father's pride,
Her husband's joy.
Had she been born centuries earlier
She would have been a Medici,
Or a pale and regal Nordic princess,
Smiling rare smiles
With her faultless porcelain teeth.

With flawless dignity,
Her hand drops to her side;
Her small oval head swivels on its pedestal of neck:
It poses like a cold marble bust.

—Lisa Barksdale



MOVING

Rain falls on vaulted rooms
Where silence lies like a casket
Dust-covered, ominous,
As heavy with remembering
As the air is with sweet flower
Funereal smell.
Quiet hovers under high ceilings
Taking shelter from the rain
Like land-locked sea birds
Huddling away,
Away from the storm.

—Lisa Barksdale

WORDS

The world is filled
to overflowing
with words
that drip
as water
from a leaky
faucet
to die
a silent
death
within a dark
and rusty
drain.

But rain bursts forth
and raindrops
gently
fall
to bring
the earth
alive —
to banish drought
and dryness.

And words
like raindrops
fall
but we hear not
their rhythm
on our hearts
but we feel not
their power
to refresh
our souls.
They fall
silently
on deafened ears
on hardened hearts.
we do not even try
to understand
that words are more —
more than water
that drips
from a leaky
faucet
to die
a silent
death
within
a dark
and rusty drain.

—Judy Greene

UNTITLED

We
are entwined in thoughts,
in spirit,
in love —
 Yet, not strangled

Enveloped in a love so immense —
 But, not smothered

Sharing a boundless,
endless emotion
knowing it is ours to cultivate —
and to harvest.

Ours alone

—Janice Little

UNTITLED

Quietly, freely our spirits touched.

Laughing, whispering our hearts spoke
while growing into a
friendship
full of warmth and meaning.

Thank you
 for touching my life.

—Janice Little

UNTITLED

Warming tenderness;
Gentle, sweet, caress,
All those are part,
And almost the whole.

Soft and golden hair,
Lovely face so fair,
All these are part,
And almost the whole.

Tender heart so kind,
Always loving mine,
All these are part,
And almost the whole.

Once a dream, shared;
Now a future, dared,
All these are part,
And almost the whole.

You and I believing
Now, as one are seeing,
All these that were part,
Are forever now a whole.

—Clark Gaither

AUGUST

The heat moved over the land,
and devoured nature's Spring.
The honeysuckle's rich and pungent smell
that once greeted the early riser
gave way to heavy, waxen leaves.
Soft green blades of new grass
were now brown and dying from lack of water.
 behind closed doors
air conditioners filtered the summer heat
and cooled the stagnant air.

Bodies pushed closer to the shore
trying to catch the ocean's breeze.
Old ladies crouched under gay umbrellas
watching half-naked children chase the waves
back to their beginnings.
Old men looked with pleasure
at golden bikinied bodies
and remembered with a sigh
all the wonderful times of the years gone by.

Young boys and girls dug a moat
around their crumbling sandcastle
trying to stop the onrushing tide.

The castle with its seashell windows
and spiral sand towers
would not last 30 minutes more,
but they tired and hoped. . . .
failure comes hardest to the very young.

—Charles Lineberger

THE POOL

Boys flinging themselves,
off the highest cliff in the world.
wild contortions
a human cannonball
rocketing water skyward
into laughing air
a game of tag
a dunking
deadman's float
red chlorine eyes
looking for the next adventure.
Tom Swift on the ocean floor
Captain Nemo's secret hiding place.
found — destroyed!
A steady stream of bubbles
from an aqualung

Shrill whistle
mirth stops. . . .
Who Me?????

—Charles Lineberger

UNEXPECTED

The situation seemed vague indeed to the young rover who liked the way things settled in the atmosphere around this area. "How could they have gotten away with such a thing" was the question puzzling his mind.

Hill after hill passed from view as the car sped onward. What lay in wait for him now registered in his mind. Rick knew that his pace was indeed needed if the distance he expected to cover was to be passed over that day.

Rick recognized some of the farmlands he was passing somehow. A hill here and a stream there, and an occasional pastureland. As he interexchanged with the traffic somehow his thoughts returned to the present. Feeling the strain of travel he pulled into a station.

"Fill it up," he told the attendant.

The war was costing the government dearly. Everone had his problems, he knew. The world was big and there were plenty of opportunities, if one would just make use of them. Crimes filled the papers. He was glad that his record was clean. But what a mess he had made of it!

Memories filled his mind. The way he felt, he had about as much ambition as Dexter, the boy who ran errands for the Harveys, a retired mechanic and his wife, must have felt that he had. Recollections of the past paraded past and merged against his car window. . .

Rick went to his job again as usual. As an executive for a diamond company he was much respected. It would not seem proper for him to go out with Ronda, who worked in the sales department as a clerk, but that was where he was last night. They had been to see a play, and had talked of the future they planned to have together before he had escorted her to her door.

Ronda was already at work. She was dreamyeyed from the previous night.

"I will show you what we have," she told her customer. She was amused and pleased that Rick had felt the way he had for her. Since she and Barry were already nearly engaged to be married, she knew it couldn't be long before she had to inform Rick of the situation.

Coming out of his regular restaurant at lunch Rick bumped into Barry who was just entering. Neither had seen each other before now — their attitudes would have been much different had they known the other had been seeing Ronda.

That night Rick visited with the Harveys, old family friends who had moved and were now living in the suburbs. They were about the only persons Rick knew well.

They sat around the living room after the meal. He was especially fond of Mrs. Harvey's cooking.

One thing led to another, and Mr. Harvey decided to invest some money in a new diamond company Rick was sure would be successful and profitable. In fact, Rick was investing all of his savings in the company himself. Mr. Harvey trusted his judgment.

As time passed Rick was able to see less and less of Ronda. She never told him her plans, while he was constantly making plans for the two of them.

Weeks passed, and the thing that he had thought impossible happened. The diamond company that he and Mr. Harvey had invested in had failed. They stood a chance of losing everything. As if this was not enough, Ronda informed him that she and Barry were getting married. Barry was a salesman for a drug company, and Rick would have argued with her had it not been evident that he had bad judgment himself, as his recent losses proved. . .

"That will be \$5.36," he heard the station attendant telling him.

Rick drove on. He had resigned from his job and was getting away from it all. He was returning to the homesite of his parents to start life somewhere else later.

— Clyde Roberson

Set: Another chair has been added to the previous three.



Spotlight centers on the chairs.

(Fourth character — Sam — enters and sits down in the newly added chair.)

Sam: I cannot speak. (as he places tape across his mouth)

David: No one speaks. No one listens.

Tommy: Nothing to touch. No one feels.

Bill: Nothing to see. No one cares.

Sam: (shaking his head, shrugging his shoulders) (He looks at each one as they speak.)

David: My world is silent.

Tommy: My world is untouchable.

Bill: My world is black.

Sam: (stares into space)

David: No one speaks. I hear nothing. I hear no one.

Tommy: Sam does not speak. No one knows about his world.

Bill: His world must be silent, but noisy.

David: The world is going to end. The world is going to stop.

Tommy: Sam's world must be dark, but colorful.

Bill: His world is the same, but different.

Sam: (stares from one to the other, as if he wishes to speak, but declines)

David: Everybody is silent. Much talking, but nothing is said.

Tommy: Sam's world must be dull and dreary. Sam's world is black.

Bill: The world is black for all.

David: We cannot exist much longer. The world is black. The world will end, SOON!

Sam: (touches his mouth, looks from one to the other, shrugs his shoulders.)

Tommy: There is life, but it is dead.

Bill: There is beauty, but it is ugly.

David: No one speaks. No one listens. I speak. I listen, but I do not hear.

Sam (looks from one to the other, as he tries to open his mouth. He fails, gets up, turns his chair away from the audience and the other characters, then sits back down.)



Bill: We talk, but David does not hear. (looks at David) We listen, but Sam never speaks. (looks at Sam's back)

Tommy: I cannot feel, I cannot touch. (reaches out to each of the other characters in turn, helpless and unsuccessful, he gets up, turns his chair away from the audience and the other characters, and sits back down)



David: I feel life. I speak life. I see life. I cannot hear life.

Bill: I reach out (reaches out to Tommy), but Tommy never feels. I speak, but David never hears.

David: SILENCE! All I ever hear is silence.

Bill: You are lucky! All I ever hear is YOU!

David: The world is quiet.

Bill: The world is Black

David: No one speaks. No one listens.

Bill: No one sees. No one looks.

David: I listen. I speak, but I hear nothing.

Bill: I look, but I never see.

David: I always hear the same thing—NOTHING!

Bill: I am tired of looking and never seeing. (stumbles about, as he gets up, turns his chair clumsily away from the audience and David — the one remaining character. As he tries to sit back down, he almost misses the chair)



David: (scans the wall of human backs, that surrounds him. Then looks at the audience helplessly.) All alone. No one listens. No one speaks. No one cares. The world is black. The world is doomed. (he gets up, takes one last look at the backs of the other characters, turns his chair away from the audience, as he sits down he glances back at the audience as he says) The world has stopped! (he turns away)



Set: The spotlight remains focused on the turned backs for a few moments, then gradually fades away.



OLD MAN IN THE SHADE

Old man sitting there in the shade,
what changes your eyes must have seen.
Do you remember Kitty Hawk
or the first car on your block
or the nights by the radio with the fireside chats
or the day they buried your wife
Old man what wonders you've seen,
some good, most bad.
Do you think we will listen,
when you tell us what has gone wrong and why.

Old man they may call you a fool
and laugh at your words,
but you know and you've seen the change
though your eyes are clouded
and you live in the twilight
you know, you know.

Old man will you try, try one more time
Maybe we will listen. . .
don't die
don't take all your secrets into the grave.

—Charles Lineberger

OUR SENSES

A blind man can see distant mountains
amidst beautiful green valleys.
A deaf man can hear a symphony
in all its glory.
A man without a tongue can tell you of
the happiness he feels in his heart.
How do we communicate what we feel?

—Judy Greene

YESTERDAY

Yesterday's dust is fallen and mingled
Layer upon layer with all the faded memories.
Things that were once thrive no more but
call from
Shady corner's where yesterdays once met
And fit together piece by piece.
Laughter with tears.
Spring's green mingled with Autumn's gold.
And with a dizzy profusion of colors
Fell silently into the snow.
And all man's burdens lay down in
the yesterday.

— Judy L. Greene

REFLECTIONS

Standing at the brink of a waterfall
One cannot help but to wonder
From where does beauty come
The roar that it sends back to mark its
descent
Is the beautiful opera of its travels.
The shivering appearance of the tiny
droplets as they fall
Are only the reflections of the shiny world
about them
And when you venture far away
Where the reflection cannot touch you
And the opera is too far for your ears
The only way to know it still flows
Is to go back and drink in its beauty.

— Judy Greene

UNTITLED

It is enough
that He hung
the sun

and spun it so
that nobles whirled
in faithful dance

It is enough
that having flung the stars on navy seas
to light infinity, He shaped another globe for night

It is enough
that He domed the earth with blue
and spattered it with changing, rearranging clouds
past hills and hills and hills of mortal sight

It is enough that He vaulted land
with live cathedrals;
set seas between

and rendered green
the growth of earth

relieving it with rose and heather;
thistle, thorn;
periwinkle, phlox, columbine;
these, and all, and all,

and all

Enough, His having
dipped the world in winter's stain
so, somewhat dying, it could push
to live again

It is enough
enough
that he hung
the sun

—Betty S. Cox

DIFFERENCE

We rode together
Our destinations the same,
But were they?
He wore khaki green,
And I, denim blue.
He spoke of war as a game
I spoke of it as something that maims!
He seemed to be one who gave pain,
And gathered happiness from the same
But I knew he was not like this inside.
He only did this to hide the goodness that lurked,
Lurked behind his menacing smirk.
And on we rode
Toward a southern point.
Each wishing we could claim,
That our lives would run the same.

— Jim Lowrey, Jr.

UNTITLED

A breeze of the soft and touchless wind;
Water as fresh as the dew drops
Trickling down the broken rocks and pebbles,
Chirping of birds and croaking of frogs;
Sound of a distant car;
Touch of a delicate rosebud
And the faint familiar smell.
Freedom of the large open fields,
The delicate creation of hundreds of plants
And the turning of the leaves,
A breeze of wind, a beautiful new world.
Ah, but how long will it last

—Branda Bridges

WE

Should I Say You And Me
Or Should I Say We

You Are An Individual And
I Am An Individual

But What We Have Together Is An Individuality
That Is Separate From Our Own

I Prefer To Say We
For Without You I Am Not Me

—Kemp Savage

UNTITLED

The great Teacher taught;
The thought is like the deed
For it has the germ within it
From which all things proceed.

I thought and thought of vices ill
And still the deed deferred.
The air of innocence was kept
Until the deed at last occurred.

At first there was no change.
All was as before, serene,
Until I stood dumbfounded
That I had done the deed.

Thoughts can be corrected
And used to work and mold.
But deeds are final things
And once they're done, they hold

—Ernest Blankenship

INTREPIDATION

CANTO 1

She is constant

yet obtrusive.

She hangs as the winds in Autumn driving leaves with blazing brilliance.

She is tempestuous as the hurricanes of September claiming the fury of
the rushing tides.

She is a holocaust besieging Toledo, then Milan.

She is a crushed October leaf fallen from a tree.

She is fog lifting silently above a sleeping town.

She is a wild pony frolicking through a fresh plowed field.

She is flight.

She is fugee.

She is hell to be around.

She is a church bell ringing Sunday morning seven miles away.

She is a mountain above all elevation with one gentle waterfall.

She is the sorrow of a multitude of laughing faces.

She is the eye of one in trembling pain.

She is a dove wounded by a hunter's bullet.

She is a falling star blazing in one last dying second of glory.

She is the hyperbolic majesty of the silent sunrise.

She is the moment of magnificence doomed to tragedy
laid before the angels dead.

POSTLUDE

Sing a song —

her ashes are sprinkled upon all rivers
to be carried by the winds — and thus she
shall reach — the masses — who tore her heart
the tragic flaw —
who could have known, who could have tolerated
the spinning mind, the soaring spirit
the erratic and changing being —
who lived and died and left a mark somewhere.

She was an artist

—Agnes Stewart

TO ZADIE

Accent always acute except the following: The accent for a word is never circumflex except (1) if the accent falls on a Gen. or Dat. case ending and (2) if the accent falls on a long penult that is followed by a short ultima.

The date of your book
is this first year of your Greek in 1906
And if I knew Alpha from Delta, perhaps I could
absorb your pencilings.

Enough that I remark your inscription! — for let us admit
that few think circumflex, or long penult.

You made it, Zadie, to the last gloss,
past the second aorist passive
I see your note by enclitics
and you were 18, Zadie,
is that a tear by dieresis?

“Asking, verbs of, 175”
I’m asking, Zadie,
did you like it and was it worth it
and I guess it was if
ten years after you died
they held a memorial for you in Norfolk, Virginia
and twenty years after you died a former pupil
detoured to see just anybody kin to you at all

but I wonder, as you lie upon the hill,
would it have been better if the long, dark curls
had been more free
than allowed by conjugations?

I ask because my students are in nouns and
seem only to decline
faster than they wonder
and I compare things like gerunds and hay

Zadie

I want you to tell me
that long, dark curls did not once fall
on verbs in vain

—Betty S. Cox

The Passing Heat and Mrs. Henderson

The heat was palpable. Rising from the cracked sidewalk in shimmering waves, whorling around the cars that crept desultorily up and down the acrid asphalt of Moran Street, the heat enveloped in its own separate purgatory of summer each of the blank-faced brick houses that stretched inexorably in both directions. The terrible sameness of the houses was not lightened by the baked yards surrounding them, treeless because foliage had been bulldozed away in the initial construction of the suburb, to make grading and building easier, more rapid. Grass which had been hastily planted and perfunctorily watered the year before, when Moran Street's houses were new, now was brown, and prickled uncomfortably beneath children's feet as they played in shallow back yards. Dogs lolled panting in the oblique shadows that had just begun to appear at the corners of the dwellings, as noon gave way to one o'clock.

Dorothy Henderson, at 11 Moran Street, lifted her one free hand to wipe away a trickle of scalp-sweat that threatened to spill onto a piece of loaf bread to which she was applying mayonnaise. From the window over her sink she watched her three children as they ran through the hose's spray outside, in the back yard. Behind her, the television babbled, lost beneath the insistent humming of a fan.

Mrs. Henderson dropped the top onto the last banana sandwich. "Lunch," she called weakly through the window, and then turned to pour the Kool-Ade.

The children immediately dropped the green, serpentine hose-pipe, still spouting, into the thirsty grass and ran shouting and dripping under the carport and through the back door.

"Don't let flies in," admonished their mother. The screen slammed in reply, and Dorothy, closing her thirty-seven-year-old eyes, emitted a longsuffering sigh. There would now be the floor to mop after lunch. When she reopened her eyes, dampness settling in her crow's-foot wrinkles, her offspring had seated themselves on stools at the formica-topped bar.

"No ice in the Kool-Ade?" demanded her eldest, imperiously.

The back of Dorothy's sleeveless blouse was plastered to her perspiring back; there were rings of darker color beneath her underarms; tiny wet tendrils of hair, smelling of permanent wave, filled the back of her neck.

"Shut up and eat. The ice-maker on the fridge is broken," she enjoined.

Within ten minutes, banana sandwiches had been devoured, and a libation of potato chips spilled on the linoleum floor and crushed. Methodically Mrs. Henderson swept away bread crumbs and other leavings, wiped away the children's footprints, threw away the paper lunch plates, fixed herself a cup of black coffee, and sat down on the daybed, the fan aimed at herself, herself aimed at the television.

The telephone rang demandingly, just as she became absorbed in her daily soap opera. Never lifting her eyes from the television, she raised the yellow receiver against her ear.

"Dorothy?"

"Yes," it was her husband.

"I . . . I called to say . . . goodbye, Dorothy. My secretary and I . . . we . . . well, I'm not coming home any more, Dorothy, and I thought it was . . . only fair to . . . to call you and . . ." His voice trailed away.

"Okay, I understand."

"Just like that? You 'understand'? Aren't you going to divorce me, or . . . or sue me, or hurt Janice . . .?"

"No, dear, I guess not. It's just too hot to do anything."

She listlessly replaced the receiver, and turned back to the television screen; she sighed again, one of her weary sighs. One less thing to worry about, she ruminated.

The electric kitchen clock sluggishly bonged twice; it was two o'clock. Outside the day, in its fierce heat, drove on.

—Lisa Barksdale

HAIKU

The smell of a cake
tempts losing weight
and we pinch and gain

—Jeanelle Hamilton
5th Grade
Marion School

HAIKU

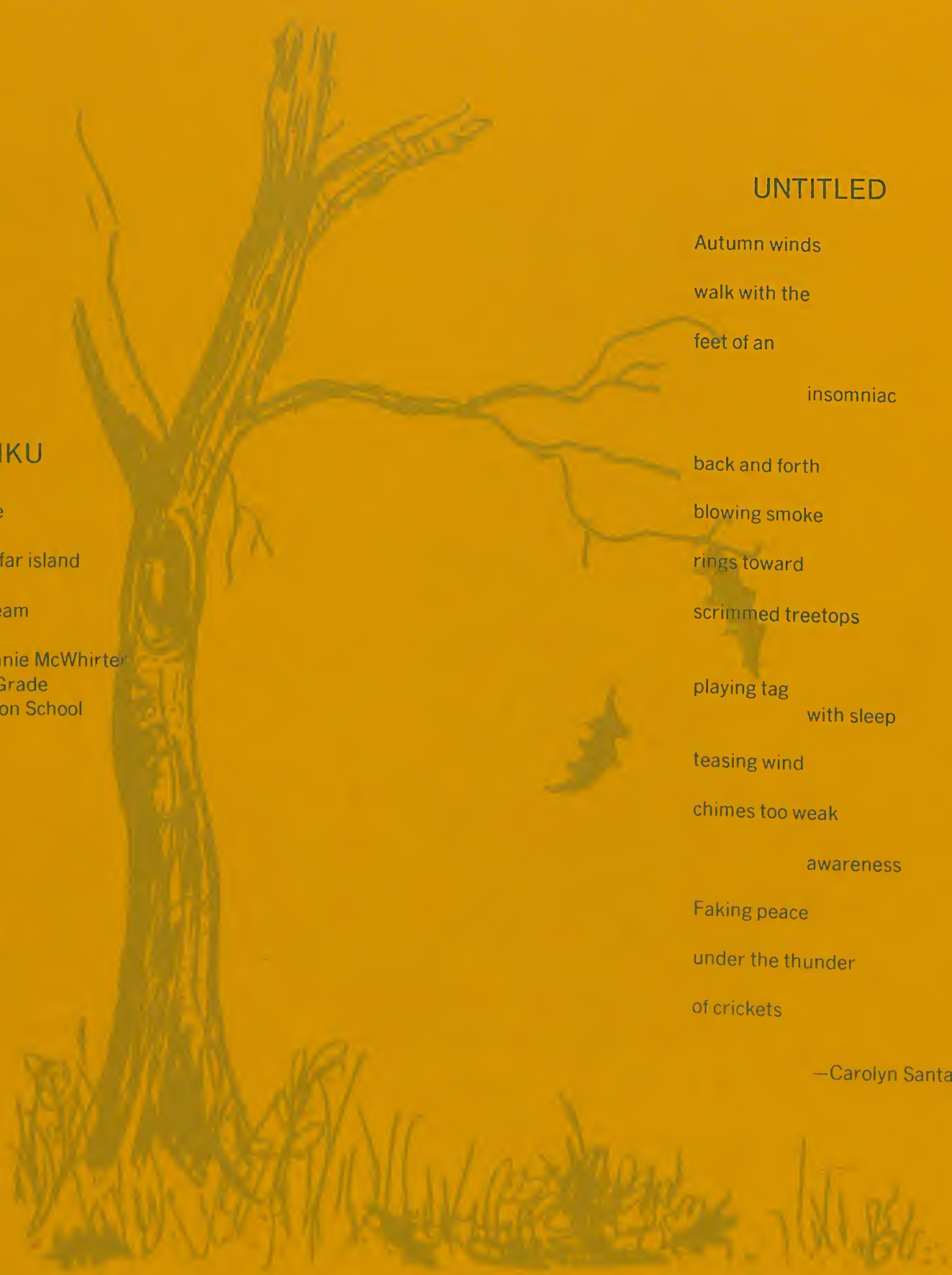
Lightning hits the gray sky
and the fat clouds
start crying

—Amy Davidson
5th Grade
Marion School

HAIKU

The trees look like
hands in the air reaching
for the rain to feed them

—Abbie Smith
5th Grade
Marion School



HAIKU

Sleep is like
sailing to a far island
lost in a dream

—Ronnie McWhirter
5th Grade
Marion School

UNTITLED

Autumn winds
walk with the
feet of an
insomniac
back and forth
blowing smoke
rings toward
scrimmed treetops
playing tag
with sleep
teasing wind
chimes too weak
awareness
Faking peace
under the thunder
of crickets

—Carolyn Santanella

THE BEAT GOES ON

It wasn't just a distant drummer
booming out a distant sound
now and then above the present clamor.

The drummer wouldn't keep his distance,
but kept marching ever closer,
and brought with him the flute and violin,
and a host of other skilled musicians,
and they began to softly play
a haunting symphony
that saturated all my soul,
and made all other songs
seem shoddy and discordant.

To dance to a different tune
with strange partners,
and sometimes all alone
incurs displeasure and some wrath
from those who seek to teach you
the lockstep of the present status quo.

But you don't mind bruised toes,
and shins, stares and sighs of resignation,
or even sitting out a dance or two,
if that haunting melody
fills the hallways of your soul,
and you still yearn to move
in cadence with its rhythm.

—T. Max Linnens



You'll Come After The
Sun's Last Orgasm Of Flame
After The Burning Clouds
Have Darkened
After The Blue Of The Sky
Has Turned Black
You'll Come After The Beauty
Of Sunset
Than You'll Come
Too Late

—Kemp Savage III

IMPRESSION

There is no phosphorus tonight,

nor coast of seabirds.

No breeze stirs, and one would think

that flies and sandgnats had resigned.

The world hangs in odd suspension,

silent, still, as from an adamantine chain,

and knows no move or sound

but of immediacy.

Nothing, nothing to transport

but that single ancient sound

the murmur against the waiting shore

for which no one really needs

a conch shell

—Betty S. Cox

THE SHORE'S SIMILITUDE

You saw the ocean.

The erratic waves, large and small.

You saw life,

The same.

You tasted the salt and sand.

And grimaced at the grit.

You tasted life,

The same.

You smelled the sea air.

The sumptuous saltiness, the sickening sting

You smelled life,

The same.

You heard the seagulls.

With depressing pleas, and happy play.

You heard life,

The same.

You felt the sun.

It burned but at evening cooled.

You felt life,

The same.

You've seen, tasted, and smelled.

You've heard, you've felt.

The similltude is yours.

Life,

— Ann Elliott

SUNDOWN OF A LIFE

Standing by an open window
She watches the sun go down
Thinking of her happy life
The one she never had
The life she wanted
But never saw.

Thinking of the many friends
The ones she never had
A tear falls upon her breast
But the sun keeps going down
Dropping to her knees
She finds the knife in her hand.

Long ago on the day she was born
The day was night and the night day
But friends have never come her way
The sun is gone.

— Jim Hance

THE GRAVE OLD MAN

Why does he not return the greetings
Of the children as they pass
Why does he stand there, sadly staring
Crooning softly to the grass

What holds he there, beneath his great coat
Is it flowers Can it be
Only withered petals crying
Sighing softly, silently.

What lies upon the hill, there, yonder
Where the grave man used to be
Only withered petals blowing
'Cross the old man silently.

... Yet something stayed him
He could not say just what caused him to remain
Upon the dusty table lay
A withered parchment... and a name.

Just a name and nothing more
Met the traveler's gaze,
But how his hands did tremble
And how his eyes did blaze!

With ne'er a thought, he crushed
The fragile message to his breast —
Another dream... he watched it crumble into dust
Like all the rest.

— Aleeta Walker





PORTRAIT WITH WORDS

Graceful as a summer day. . . .
Mysterious as the rolling sea. . . .
Surprising as the autumn wing. . . .
And just as wild and free. . . .

Solemn as a newborn deer. . . .
Quiet as a moonlit sky. . . .
Golden as an evening sun. . . .
Gentle as a baby's sigh. . . .

Warm as a winter fire. . . .
Trusting as the stars. . . .
As unattainable as tomorrow. . . .
And sometimes just as far. . . .

—Joni Sanders

12th Grade
Burns High School

FRIEND

I Hear A Frog

By God I Do Hear A Frog

Between The Noise Of The Traffic

The Clatter Of Machines I Hear A Frog

What Is A Frog Doing In The City

Croak Again Frog

My Reminder Of Home

My Only Friend

—Kemp Savage III

THE TRAVELER

Alone upon the threshold

The weary traveler stands,

His garments hang in tatters

Cold and bare his hands.

With hopeless eyes he gazes

into the dark and empty room

Where only shadows welcome him

With smiles of silent gloom.

There is no fire to warm him ;

no bright and friendly glow

Besieges him with comfort

or soothes away his woe.

This hard cold hearth

Holds not the burning embers of his dreams

Nor has sheltered any with its flames

For ages past, it seems.

He felt the silent, wasted years

Like frost upon his heart

And knew the time for dreams was gone

And soon he must depart.

—Aleeta Walker

UNTITLED

What's wrong with the world today?
It's simply in too big a hurry
To get to wherever it is
It thinks it wants to go.
The world is going somewhere surely,
And every sincere zealot feels
That it's his duty to save it
From the course he didn't plan
And set it straight for the benefit of every man.
So hurriedly he takes the occasion by the horns
And steers to bring his kingdom now.
He merely adds to history another lesson
That will go unheeded until 'tis past the time for action.

—E.M. Blankenship

UNTITLED

Night clouds

applaud

May rain

Thor writes

white

anger over

navy sky

Dry earth

laps at

distorted

tears

—Carolyn Santanella

CHRISTMAS

Christmas, outside a dusting of snow
Inside it is hearthside's cheery glow,
Within, hearthside, it is Love's overflow!

Christmas is meditation — reflection,
For fellowman, Consideration.
It is nostalgia and retribution,
It is observation and celebration,
It is Revelry and supplication.
Christmas is reverie and invocation!

The meaning is found in John Three-sixteen,
"For God so loved the world that He gave
His only begotten Son that whosoever
Believeth in Him shall not perish, but
Have everlasting life."
Christmas is that and More!
"Behold, I stand at the open Door."

Christmas is the family Circle.
It is turkey and dressing,
It is cranberries and pickles,
It is giblets and gravy.
Christmas is Grandma and Grandpa;
It is brothers and sisters too,
It is in-laws and kids — not a few!
Christmas is neighbors, too!

It is cards and letters from faraway places
Expressing love and tender graces.

Christmas is a vacant chair,
A Memory, a thrust of agony,
A lingering recollection!

Christmas is a time of giving,
A time for forgiving!
It is a time for loving,
And living, and being thankful.
Christmas is a gift from the Father above,
Sending down, like a canopy
His Blessing, His Benediction, His Love.

—George M. Murray

NORTH CAROLINA

The Old North State is Beauty:
There is grandeur in her hills,
Her broad, deep rivers,
And her laughing rills.
Here a balmy zephyr
And a chilling breeze
Play hide-and-seek in the
Great, tall trees.

There is beauty in her seashore:
In its clean, white sand;
The blue-green water
Caressing the strand;
The mighty wind,
As it blows and blows;
And white caps resembling
Winter snows.

There is beauty in her mountains:
In the woodland shade,
Where the forest creatures'
Homes are made.
And into a pool
The pale moon dips
From a starlit sky
At my finger tips.

—Lula H. Hamrick

UNTITLED

Hurricane eyes

of Sanity

restful centers

from black

spiral storm

Entities of

quiet

balance

white hot

circles of

fear

madness

defeated

—Carolyn Santanella

VIETNAMESE AMONG THE TRASHCANS

Lost, lost, lost is their lot,
As they move in the rubble of yesterdays.
They shuffle, like dark sticks, between garbage pails,
 their only visible humanity hunched, nearly hidden,
 in curves of ragged cloth,
all that they had, curtailed to cans, or ashes.
Like mad men, they poke about for a recognizable mass.

So, too, the altars of themselves.
Once their flames licked high.
They cried out to dawn and stars and night; sprang
 to desire and love and children and shimmers of shine
 and smile.
Now, like bones of memory pulped,
Their passions are less than recollected dust.
On the pyre of the world, O God, such the sacrifices we lay:
 We weep for the intervening angel.

—Betty S. Cox

IN THE ASYLUM

SONG

Streets and cities long have known me,
Held me,
Had me for their own ;
And I have loved the granite life
But forests now will be my home:
Greener fields and richer loam.

I have roamed the pavement prairies
Haunted,
Hunting for my place ;
I have watched the people dying —
No more shall I run their race:
Flowing streams will see my face.

It is not that I hate the city,
(Birth and death
At every door)
But cannot spare what it takes from me,
And I love the mountains more:
Trees my roof, and moss my floor.

— Lisa Barksdale

My dream of sanity
is but a farce of cruel reality
dangled forever on a slender string
before my thirsting gaze
nimble eluding all my vain attempts
to grasp it,
and mocking me with laughter
each time I try, and fail.

They call me mad,
Why then, I may be so,
but not for their stiff reasoning
do I wait with baited breath!
They have not conquered consciousness!
... nor have I, and I am conscious prisoner.

Yet they can walk unhindered on the green!
Can wander in their lawn-hats,
Can crook their fingers at my antiseptic bars,
and toss their spring bouquets into the air.

— Aleeta Walker

UNTITLED

Black is the unseen color of vision.

the unspoken word of speech, the

whitest thief of night, and the

darkest moments of day

Black is the color that darkens all light.

Black was life beneath vast oceans,

beneficial to all and sought by few.

It was the beauty of forests, left

to die from many a disease, and

the purer of streams, poisoned by

an overdose of neglect.

Black was the color of our greatest beauties.

Black were the colors of men, to

dream of slaying white cancer, to

die for a whitey cause, and black

were the colors of man, which whitey

never realized were.

Black were those who died and lived for what

Black are history's greatest forgottens,

the beginnings of time, Satan's mightiest

angels, and God's greatest knights.

Black are the colors of time, life, death, and

that beyond.

—Jan Williams

UNTITLED

Locked within

me

black spiral

laughs

fall upon

Naked nerves

with cat claws

Noir Mother

licking scarred

paws

retreats for

attack

defeat

escapes behind

shades of

aloneness

—Carolyn Santanella

UNTITLED

A fish is a prize

When caught

It is like the wind in water

—Ronnie McWhirter
5th Grade
Marion School

